

Wisdom dictated their resolution to spend a fortnight in this bay, where material existence seemed to be secured for some time to come. Even if the Captain's condition had not required that they should do so, John Block would not have advised an immediate departure.

In the evening, after a second meal of turtle soup, and turtle flesh and eggs, Frank led them in prayer, and all went into the cave. Captain Gould, thanks to the ministrations of Jenny and Dolly, was no longer shaking with fever. His wound now closing, gave him less pain. He was progressing rapidly towards complete recovery.

To keep a watch during the night was needless. There was nothing to fear on this lonely shore, neither savages nor wild beasts. It was unlikely that these gloomy and depressing wastes had ever been visited by man before. The stillness was only broken by the harsh and melancholy cry of the sea-birds as they came home to their crannies in the cliff. The breeze died gradually away, and not a breath of air stirred till the rising of the sun.

The men were out at daybreak. First of all John Block went down the beach along

the pro-  
montory and made for the boat. It  
was still  
floating\*\* but would soon be left high  
and dry by  
the ebb tide. Being fastened by  
hawsers on  
both sides, it had not bumped against  
the rocks,,